

guess it'll come out all right, somehow. Anyway they've had an awful fight at Duck Lake, and Riel's men cleaned out everything. I brought you a Winnipeg paper that's got all about it in."

Mrs. Merton looked at him in dazed astonishment, wondering what he could possibly mean by connecting the news of the bloody outbreak with the hope that their hard fortunes would finally mend.

"Have't you heard about it, yet? Why the old fort's full of scouts now."

"Yes, I heard they'd ben a fight, but I don't see what that's got to do with it," replied Mrs. Merton.

Seeing that the time was not yet ripe to discuss the daring project of joining the Rebels as a drummer boy, Rodney made no reply, but went to the spring to wash. Mrs. Merton quickly resumed her usual manner and said:

"Supper's ready—what they is of it."

The startling expression of affection into which Mrs. Merton's emotions had betrayed her, on seeing her boy safely home again and the hopeless and almost ironical suggestion in regard to the meager limitations of the supper affected the boy more keenly than any other words he had ever heard. The latter aroused him to the realization that they were in desperate need for the common necessities of life, while the caress awakened an intense and active love for his mother that he had not been conscious of before. A painful sense of the pitiful misery and loneliness of her life and the patient endurance with which she met each day of its weary